Numb. 25.

Heraclitus Ridens,

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES*.

From Saturday October the 23th. to Tuesday the 26th. 1703.

Jest FOR Heav'ns ſake hold my Back, or I ſhall drop down with Laughing. Every Line I read of this Fellow's Compoſing almoſt tickles me to death. Let the World ſay what they will of *Nob's* Writings, I'll ſtand by it that they are very Diverting; and ſince a Man cannot be ſaid to be fall'n into Nonſence, that never was above it, I take him to be an Author of Perſeverance, which is more than I can ſay of a great many who cannot keep their Temper.

Earn. What the De'l's upon the Anvil now! You're always a Grinning as if you had found a Mare's Neſt, and it's the greateſt Difficulty to get you into any Diſcourſe that is ſerious. Prithee ſhew thy ſelf Communicative, and let your Friends bear a Part in your Merriment.

Jeſt. Look on *Nob's* laſt Penny Libel here, and you'll lay aſide your Gravity in an inſtant. He has lately made a Trip to the Play-houſe, tho' he had not Wit enough to write that to *Scotland*, and gives us the merrieſt Account as ever was done by the Pen of a Fanatick Scribler. H re's the De'el and all of hard Names, he calls one of us *Young Saffold*, on account, I ſuppoſe of the Advertiſement in one of our Papers concerning the *Elixir Antimonarchicon*; the Treaſurer of the New Theatre, *Jack in a Box*, becauſe he has the Misfortune to wear a Chriſtian Name that is render'd unchriſtian almoſt by his being diſtinguiſh'd by it, and *Davis* the Door-keeper, who is a *Peace-Officer*, and ought to take him up for it, *Cerberus*, a meer Hell Dog, when he made it his Buſineſs to fix himſelf between two Whores, *alias* Hell Cats, which was enough to have given his Miller's Wife a Fit of the Spleen, had ſhe ſeen his Sooty Countenance there.

Earn. Truly, I am ſomewhat reconcil'd to the Man, he is reſolv'd to be underſtood for a Fool now, when he has been all the while before this Paper, rendring himſelf as unintelligible as he could, by Regicide's, Foggy Arguments, and Myſterious Aſſertions. But I cannot but take Notice how ready he is to lug poor King *James* into his Paper Head and Shoulders. He tells us *it coſt him Half a Crown to ſee the Play*, when to my Knowledge his Printer would allow him but EighteenPence, and he was ſeen in the Middle Gallery with a Grocer on *Snow-hill*; and that the *Ticket he took to carry him thither, made him look like one of King* James's *Troopers*, which might well enough have been, for he knows excellently well how to play at Hide and Seek, or a certain Officer of the Queen's would have laid Hands on him before this time.

Jeſt. You miſtake him, he is now Reviving his old Trade in order to appear before the next Seſſions of Parliament, and has as many frivolous Complaints to lay before 'em, as a Toothleſs old Woman makes over a Winter Fire, of being ſlighted in her declining Years, or a Superannuated *Poet* in the Declenſion of decay'd Hexameters or Pentameters.

Earn. All this may be. I have more Manners than to tell him that he comes of a Lying Family, and I wiſh he may be Serviceable to the Government, which, if I have Eyes to ſee, he is wholly taken-up in Undermining. But to the Buſineſs in hand, and to ſhew you that he is no more a Judge of Muſick, than he is of its Siſter Poetry, he gives the World to underſtand that the Muſick began to play, and that there was a *Noiſe of Fiddles, Bagpipes. Old Keys and Tongs*, &c. when there is a very excellent Band of Muſicians there, and among the reſt three Gentlemen as Celebrated as any now living, which are Mr. *Dean* upon the *Violin*, Mr. *Franciſco* upon the *Baſs-Viol*, and Mr. *Smith* upon the *Hautboy*.

Jeſt. But whom does he mean by three the Jack Puddings that appear'd on the Stage?

Earn. Have not the Hawkers nam'd 'em over and over laſt Week! For my part theſe Ears of mine ring with 'em ſtill, and Mr. *Powell*, Mr. *Booth* and Mr. *Pack*, come into my Memory before I am well awake; and I cannot but Laugh to think, how the Blanket which they have provided for him and his Countryman, would have toſs'd up them and their *Flail* together, had they been ſo Fool-hardy as to have attempted what they threaten at a Diſtance. *Ibis ab excuſſo miſſus in Aſtra Sago*, Good Maſter Obſervator, tho' if you ſhew your ſelf no better a Critick next time than you have this, you will be below being taken Notice of.

Jeſt. In my Opinion he owns that the words which were ſpoken took with the Audience, for he tells us they Clap'd at every Turn; tho' he very mannerly calls the Nobility and Gentry which were there, ſo many Butchers; notwithſtanding he has taken great Care to Contradict himſelf, and to prove it no *Silly Stuff*, by quoting the beſt Lines of it; and I think my ſelf oblig'd to acquit the *Players* in this one thing, that they did not Speak the Second and Third Paragraph which he makes mention of, which is enough to ſatisfie the Publick, that the Rights of the

Crown

Crown were not Diſputed upon the Stage, which he falſly Inſinuates, tho I cannot ſee why they ſhould not be aſſerted in a Place which is Licens'd by It, as well as in every Paultry Coffeehouſe over a Pipe.

Earneſt. But where are his Reaſons for diſliking what he Excepts againſt? Are Criticks us'd to Condemn any thing without aſſigning ſome Cauſe or other for ſo doing? This is a new way of examining Metre, by calling it *Inſipid Dogrel*, without aiming at any Proof.

Jeſt Where are his Reaſons, ſay you? Where ſhould they be? Juſt where they have ever been from his Infancy. That's a pretty Queſtion indeed, for a Man of your Senſe to Ask; Is it not enough to ſay that the Perſon who wrote the Prologue *Lampoon'd Her Majeſty, becauſe he Affirms She ſprung from* Stuarts *Race, and is the Grandaughter of King* Charles *the Martyr?* Fye upon you, that's a Reaſon good enough for a Man of his Kidney, who has not Common Charity for any one that owes his Deſcent to that Illuſtrious Houſe; and you may take another as good as that along with you, by which he would prove, That the Queen had no Claim to the Crown, but what She receiv'd by Vote of Parliament.

Earn. Prithee, Why ſo? I all along took Her to be King *James* Daughter—— I preſume he dares not deny it—— And if She is, She muſt conſequently have a Claim precedent to the Choice of Parliaments.

Jeſt. He proves it thus, and ſtrikes all Opponents as Dead as a Door-Nail, by ſaying, *She had no Claim, becauſe She laid none.* As if a Man can't have a Right to an Eſtate, without Pleading that Right in open Court. And as for the Family of the *Stuarts* being oblig'd to *Demand* the Song of ſuch an Inſignicant Scribler, as he calls *Young Saffold* the Author, I preſume a Prince may be ſaid to *demand* the Reſpect and Duty of his Subjects, at the ſame time that he does not put himſelf to the Trouble of asking it.

Jeſt. The Uſage he has treated 'em with, ſhews he knew neither, he is ſo much miſtaken in their Sacred Characters, and to let us know what Sentiments he has of Her preſent Majeſty, he calls theſe two Lines that aim at Part of her Royal Character, and which he ſhould have ſaid Amen to, *Stuff.*

The Beſt of Queens, and moſt Belov'd of Names,
The beſt of Subjects and of Wiſhes Claims.

He likewiſe falls upon you about the old Argument, and would draw you into a *Premunire* if he could, and have you ſtand to your Aſſertion, that there are Three Eſtates in Parliament beſides the King. You were telling me to'ther Day you had three or four Authorities more in relation to that Subject.

Earn. So I have, and here they are at your Service. 11 *H.* 6. *n.* 2. The Lord *Cromwell* Lord Treaſurer, exhibits a Petition in Parliament, wherein he ſaith, That the State and Neceſſity of the King, and of the Realm have been notified to the Three Eſtates of the Land, Aſſembled in Parliament. 1 *H.* 6. *Cotton.* The Queen Dowager in her Petition, mentioning the Ratification made in Parliament. 9 *H.* 5. ſaith it was not Sworn by the King, but by the Three Eſtates of the Kingdom of *England*, (*ceſt aſſavoir Lez Prelatz, Nobles et Grands, et per les Communs de Meſme Le Royalm de Engleterre*; That is to ſay, By the Prelates, Nobles and Great Men, and by the Commons of the ſaid Realm.

In the Appendix to the Rolls of Parliament, in 11 *H.* 6. The Duke of *Bedford* ſaith in his Petition to the King, How that in your laſt Parliament, *It liked your Highneſs by the Advice of the Three Eſtates of this Land to Will me, &c.*

Jeſt. So much for the Lawyer, now let us return to the *Politician*; let me die if he is not putting the Parliament in a Way to Levy Money. What will his Friend *Robert Murray* ſay to him, for taking up his Trade? If the Play-Houſe be ſuch a Sink of Lewdneſs as he would have it, it ought not in any wiſe to be Tolerated. But he is for any thing that will bring in Money, for the ſame Reaſon as they have for keeping publick Stews and Courtezans in Popiſh Countries. And he'll ſpeak to Mr. Juſtice, the Parſon of his Pariſh, and his Parliament Men, which are two very Honeſt Gentlemen in *S*—— to forward this Bill for a Tax of Five Shillings *per* Head on every one that goes into the Play-Houſe. I never heard that the Office of a Juſtice of the Peace or a Parſon entitled any one to Vote for an Act of Parliament, that was not a Member of the Houſe, and if we have made four Eſtates, he is gone beyond us now, and has made Five, which are King, Lords, and Commons, Mr. Juſtice, and Mr. Parſon.

Earneſt. But what is the beſt of all, we are like to be troubled with no more of his Countryman's Nonſenſe for the future. Tho' I cannot take my leave of him without letting thoſe that are in Authority know what Pernicious Tenents he ſtands by now, that have been Exploded by the Common Suffrage of the moſt Learned Univerſity in the World, which we inſerted in *Numb.* 23, and which he impudently ſays, were Burn'd by the Common Hangman, becauſe they were for *Union*, and *againſt Slavery.* God Preſerve Her Majeſty from ſuch a *Friend* as this, who impudently Stiles himſelf Her *Beſt*, and awaken thoſe that are near Her, into a Senſe of the Dangers the Eſtabliſh'd Government is Threaten'd with, while ſuch Inſolent Fellows are permitted to blow the Trumpet of Sedition in Her Majeſty's Capital City: And that Mr. *Nob* may know who it is that has done him this Kindneſs, it is one of his *Three Jack Puddings*,

GEORGE POWELL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THeſe are to give Notice to whom it may Concern, That not far from *Weſtminſter-Abby*, there will ſhortly be Diſpoſed of, by way of Auction, A Choice Collection of Divinity, and ſuch Perſons as have any Law Books to Exchange, may put 'em off there to all Advantage; For the Dr. has newly laid aſide the better part, and got a Gown more proper for the *Hall* than the *Abby.* He may be ſpoken with once a Week near St. *Brides.*

Printed by *D. Edwards* and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1703.